

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
From the Play of the
Same Name by
WINCHELL SMITH

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and Louis Joseph Vance

Lighting at the Grand Central station, he packed the double weight of his luggage and his car a few blocks northward on Madison avenue ere turning west toward the bachelor rooms which Kellogg had established in the roaring forties, just the other side of the avenue—Fifth avenue.

The elevator boy, knowing him of old, neglected to announce his arrival, and Duncan had his own key to the door of Kellogg's apartment. He let himself in with furtive stealth. As was quite right and proper, Kellogg's man Robbins was in attendance, a stupefied Robbins, thunderstruck by the unexpected return of his master's friend and guest. "Good Lord!" he cried at sight of Duncan. "Beg your pardon, sir, but—can't be you?"

"Your mistake, Robbins. Unfortunately it is," Duncan surrendered his luggage. "Mr. Kellogg in?"

"No, sir. But I'm expecting him any minute. He'll be surprised to see you back."

"Think so?" said Duncan dully. "He doesn't know me if he is."

"You see, sir, we thought you was out west."

"So you did." Duncan moved toward the door of his own bedroom, Robbins following.

"It was only yesterday I posted a letter to you for Mr. Kellogg, sir, and the address was Omaha."

"I didn't get that far. Fetch along that suit case, will you please? I want to put some clean things in it."

"Then you're not staying in town overnight, Mr. Duncan?"

"I don't know. I'm not staying here anyway." Duncan switched on the lights in his room. "Put it on the bed, Robbins. I'll pack as quickly as I can. I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, sir; but I hope there's nothing wrong."

"Then you lose," returned Duncan grimly. "Everything's wrong." He

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Long applauded loudly. "Hear, hear!" and even Willy Bartlett chimed in with an unemotional "Good work!" Mechanically Duncan downed the toast. Kellogg was the only man not drinking it, and from that the meaning was easily to be inferred. With a stride Duncan caught his hand and crushed it in his own.

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"Your father hadn't told you, then?"

"Beg pardon, sir," he advanced, hesitant, "but perhaps you're just feeling a bit blue. Won't you let me bring you a drop of something?"

"Of course I will," said Duncan emphatically over his shoulder. "And get it now, will you, while I'm packing? And, Robbins?"

"Sir."

"Only put a little in it."

"A little what, sir?"

"Seltzer, of course."

CHAPTER II.

It had been a forlorn hope at best, this attempt of his to escape Kellogg—Duncan acknowledged it when, his packing rudely finished, he started for the door. Robbins reluctantly surrendering the suit case after exhausting his repertoire of devices to delay the young man. But at that instant the elevator gate clashed in the outer corridor and Kellogg's key rattled in the lock, to an accompanying confusion of voices, all masculine and all very cheerful.



"I'VE LOST MY JOB AGAIN."

Duncan sighed and motioned Robbins away with his luggage. "No hope now," he told himself. "But—O Lord!"

Incontinently there burst into the room four men—Jim Long, Larry Miller, another whom Duncan did not immediately recognize and Kellogg himself—bringing with them an atmosphere breezy with jubilation. Before he knew it Duncan was bolsterously overwhelmed. He got his breath to find Kellogg pumping his hand.

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Wish you'd look me up. Half Moon club 'll get me most any time. We'll have to arrange to make a regular old fashioned night of it, just for memory's sake."

Duncan nodded, edging past him. "I've memories enough," he said.

"Right—oh! Any reason at all, y' know, just so we have the night?"

"Good enough," assented Duncan vaguely. He suffered his hand to be wrong with warmth. "I'll not forget. Good night." Then he pulled up and ground for Willy's insistence had suddenly become alive to his attitude and hailed him over the heads of Long and Miller.

"Nat, I say! Where the devil are you going?"

"Over to the hotel," said Duncan. "The deuce you are! What hotel?"

"The one I'm stopping at."

"Not on your life. You're not going just yet. I haven't had half a chance to talk to you. Robbins, take Mr. Duncan's things."

Duncan, set upon by Robbins, who had been hovering round for just that purpose, lifted his shoulders in resignation, turning back into the room as Miller and Long said good night to him and left at Bartlett's heels, and smiled away in semi-humorous depreciation of the way in which he let Kellogg outmaneuver him. When it came to that it was hard to refuse Kellogg anything; he had that way with him, especially if one liked him. And how could any one help liking him?

Kellogg had him now, holding him fast by either shoulder, at arm's length, and shaking a reproving head at his friend. "You big duffer!" he said. "Did you think for a minute I'd let you throw me down like that? Have you dined?"

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Wm J. Cochran deceased.
The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as executor of the estate of Wm J. Cochran, late of Highland county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 1st day of October A. D. 1910.
J. F. COCHRAN.

Notice is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Highland county, Ohio, at their session to be held on the first Monday in December, A. D. 1910, praying for the establishment of a county road along the following described route in said county, to-wit:

Beginning at the West Union turnpike in Jackson township, near the farm formerly owned by J. W. Williams, now J. L. Walker, and about 12 rods south from a culvert in front of Walker's barn; thence in a westerly direction through the lands of J. L. Walker, about 100 rods to the corner of the lands of Joseph White and Alexander Gray; thence in a westerly direction about 30 rods on the line between J. L. Walker and Alexander Gray; thence through the lands of said Gray; thence in a westerly direction about 30 rods on the line between J. L. Walker and Alexander Gray; thence through the lands of said Gray south of his house and barn, about 75 rods to the lands of John Blair in Concord township; thence in a southerly direction through the lands of John Blair about 40 rods; thence in a westerly direction through the lands of said Blair and in front of his house, on the south side thereof, about 60 rods to Bell and Sugar Tree Ridge road, making a total distance for road to be located and established of about one mile.

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